

Why yet thy scandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greatest helpe is quiet, gentle Nell;
I pray thee fort thy heart to patience,
These few dayes wonder will be quickly worne:

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Maiesties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the first of this next Moneth.

Glo. And my consent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing. Well, I will be there.
My Nell, I take my leaue: and Master Sherife,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commission.

Sh. And please your Grace, here my Commission staves:
And Sir *Iohn Stanley* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir *Iohn*, protect my Lady here?
Stanley. So am I giuen in charge, may't please your Grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You vse her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may liue to doe you kindnesse, if you doe it her.
And so Sir *Iohn*, farewell.

Eli. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not fare-
well?

Glo. Witnesse my teares, I cannot stay to speake.

Exit Glo.

Eli. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Loy, is Death;
Death, at whose Name I oft haue beene asfear'd,
Because I wish'd this Worlds eternitie,
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.

Eli. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Duchesse, and Duke *Humfries* Lady,
According to that State you shall be vs'd.

Eli. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou hast beene Conduct of my shame.

Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Eli. I, I, farewell, thy Office is discharg'd:

Come *Stanley*, shall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,

And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.

Eli. My shame will not be shifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang vpon my richest Robes,
And shew it selfe, attyre me how I can.

Goe, leade the way, I long to see my Prison.

Exeunt

Sound a Sene. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,
Torke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwick,
to the Parliament.

King. I muse my Lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
What e're occasion keeps him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not see? or will ye not obserue
The strangenesse of his alter'd Countenance?

With what a Maiestie he beares himselfe,
How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptorie, and vnlike himselfe.
We know the time since he was milde and affable,

And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Kneee,

That all the Court admir'd him for submission.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and shewes an angry Eye,
And passeth by with stiffe vnbow'd Kneee,
Disdaining dutie that to vs belongs.

Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humfry* is no little Man in England,
First note, that he is neere you in descent,
And should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Respecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his aduantage following your decease,
That he should come about your Royall Person,
Or be admitted to your Highnesse Councell,
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:

And when he please to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are shallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'll o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.

The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect these dangers in the Duke,
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the Duke.

Suff. Well hath your Highnesse scene into this Duke,
And had I first bene put to speake my minde,

I thinke I should haue told your Graces Tale.
The Duchesse, by his subornation,
Vpon my Life began her diuellish practises:

Or if he were not priuie to those Faults,
Yet by repute of his high descent,
As next the King, he was successiue Heire,
And such high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did instigate the Bedlam braine-sick Duchesse,

By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his simple shew he harbours Treason.

The Fox barks not, when he would steale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, *Gloster* is a man
Vnfounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuise strange deaths, for small offences done?

Torke. And did he not, in his Protectorship,
Leuie great summes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer sent it?

By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.
Buck. Tut, these are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke *Humfry*.

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To moue downe Thordes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy prayse: but shall I speake my conscience,

Our Kinsman *Gloster* is as innocent,
From meaning Treason to our Royall Person,
As is the sucking Lambe, or harmelesse Dove:

The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For hee's disposed as the hatefull Rauens,

Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is surely lent him,

For hee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues.
Who cannot steale a shape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerset. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne:
King. Welcome Lord *Somerset*: What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Interest in those Territories,
Is utterly bereft you: all is lost.

King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerset*: but Gods will be
done.

Torke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Blossomes blasted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or sell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Gloucester. All happinesse vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue stay'd so long.

Suff. Nay *Gloster*, know that thou art come too soone,
Vntill thou wert more loyall then thou art:

I doe arrest thee of High Treason here.
Glo. Well *Suffolke*, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arrest:

A Heart vnspotted, is not easily daunted.
The purest Spring is not so free from muddie,
As I am cleare from Treason to my Soueraigne.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guiltie?
Torke. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, stay'd the Souldiers pay,

By meanes whereof, his Highnesse hath lost France.
Glo. Is it but thought so?

What are they that thinke it?
I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France:

So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
I Night by Night, in studying good for England,
That Doyt that ere I wrestled from the King,

Or any Groat I hoorded to my vse,
Be brought against me at my Tryall day.

No many a Pound of mine owne proper store,
Because I would not taxe the needie Commons,
Haue I dispursed to the Garrisons,

And neuer ask'd for restitution.
Card. It serues you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more then truth, so helpe me God.
Torke. In your Protectorship, you did deuise

Strange Tortures for Offenders, neuer heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Glo. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:

For I should meele at an Offenders teares,
And lowly words were Ransome for their fault.

Vntill it were a bloody Murtherer,
I neuer gaue them condigne punishment,
Murder indeede, that bloodie sinne, I tortur'd

About the Felon, or what Trespas else.
Suff. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,

Whereof you cannot easie purge your selfe.

I doe arrest you
And here cometh
To keepe, vntill
King. My Lord

That you will
My Conscience

Glo. Ah gr
Vertue is choa
And Charitie
Foule Suborna
And Equitie

I know, their
And if my dea
And proue the
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Beaufords red
And *Suffolke*

Sharpe *Buckin*
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Card. My

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Qu. But I
Glo. Farre

Beshrew the v
And well such
Buck. Hee'
Lord Cardina
Card. Sirs,

Glo. Ah,
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And Wolues
Ah that my fe
For good Kin
King. My L
Doe, or vndoe
Queene. V
ment?

King. I Mar
Whose floud
My Body rou